As bombast and as lyning to the time:
But more deuout then this our respectes,
Haue we not been, and therefore met your Loues,
In their owne fashyon like a merriment.
*Dum.* Our letters madame, shewed much more then iest.
*Long.* So did our lookes.
*Rosa.* We did not cote them so.
*King.* Now at the lateſt minute of the houre,
Graunt vs your loues.
*Quee.* A time me thinkes too short,
To make a world-without-end bargaine in:
No no my Lord, your Grace is periurde much,
Full of deare guiltines, and therefore this,
If for my Loue (as there is no such cause)
You will do ought, this shall you do for me:
Your oth I will not trust, but goe with speede
To some forlorne and naked Hermytage,
Remote from all the pleasurs of the world:
There stay vntill the twelue Celestiall Signes
Haue brought about the annuall reckoning.
If this Austere insociable life,
Change not your offer made in heate of blood.
If frostes and fastes, hard lodging, and thin weedes,
Nip not the gaudie blossomes of your Loue:
But that it beare this tryall, and last Loue,
Then at the expiration of the yeere,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these desertes:
And by this Virgin palme now kissing thine,
I wilbe thine: and till that instance shutt
My wofull selfe vp in a mourning house,
Rayning the teares of lamentation,
For the remembraunce of my Fathers death.
If this thou do deny, let our handes part,
Neither intitled in the others hart.
*King.* If this, or more then this, I would denie,
To flatter vp these powers of mine with rest,
The sodaine hand of death close vp mine eye,
Hence herrite thee my hart, is in thy breſt.

*Bero.*



*Berow.* And what to me my Loue? and
*Rosal.* You must be purged to, your sinn
You are attaint with faultes and periurie:
Therefore if you my fauour meane to get,
A twelue month shall you spende and neue
But seeke the weery beddes of people sick
*Duma.* But what to me my Loue? but w
*Kath.* A wife? a beard, faire health, and h
With three folde loue I wish you all these
*Duma.* O shall I say, I thanke you gentl
*Kath.* Not so my Lord, a twelue month
Ile marke no wordes that smothfast wooe
Come when the King doth to my Lady c
Then if I haue much loue, Ile giue you so
*Duma.* Ile serue thee true and faythfully
*Kath.* Yet sweare not, least ye be forswo
*Longauill.* What saies *Maria?*
*Mari.* At the twelue months ende,
Ile change my blacke Gowne for a faithful
*Long.* Ile stay with patience, but the tim
*Mari.* The liker you, few taller are so yo
*Berow.* Studdies my Ladie? Mistres look
Beholde the window of my hart, mine eye:
What humble suite attendes thy answere t
Impose some seruice on me for thy Loue.
*Rosa.* Oft haue I heard of you my Lord
Before I saw you: and the worldes large to
Proclaymes you for a man repleat with mo
Full of comparisons and wounding floutes:
Which you on all estetes will execute,
That lie within the mercie of your wit:
To weede this wormewood from your fru
And therewithall to winne me, yf you plea
Without the which I am not to be won:
You shall this twelue month terme from d
Visite the speachlesse sicke, and still conuer
With groning wretches: and your taske s
With all the fierce endeuour of your wit,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.1.14)